

THE  
**LITERARY GUARDIAN,**  
And Spectator of  
BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS.

No. 5.

CONTAINING SIXTEEN QUARTO PAGES For TWOPENCE.

SATURDAY,  
OCTOBER 29, 1831.

CONTENTS:

SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.—

- Smollett's Peregrine Pickle.
- The False Step.
- Ross Cox's Adventures.
- Emigration to Canada.
- Female Sovereigns.
- Frankenstein.
- Several other Reviews.

THE ANNUALS, with extracts.—

- A Day of Distress.

- The Bull and the Barber.

THE ASSIAD, Canto. I. continued.

DRAMA :

- Drury Lane.
- Covent Garden.
- Adelphi.

MISCELLANEA :

- The First Steam-boat.
- Fielding's Portrait.
- Dr. Johnson's Style.
- Turkish Policy.
- Medical Practice.
- Correspondence, &c.
- Advertisements.



Tailors versus Bailiffs.

CRIKSHANK'S ILLUSTRATIONS. No. 1.

SMOLLETT'S  
"PEREGRINE PICKLE," &c.

THE "exquisite" writers of the present most polite age would fain persuade the world that the taste for real humour is, or ought to be, extinct amongst us : Smollett, Fielding, Swift, and a whole host more of good-natured, jovial-hearted, keen-sighted, and keen-witted authors, being condemned, at "one fell swoop," as barbarous relics of our forefathers' idolatry, inexplicable to, and quite out of the pale of, the genius of modern times.

This is a sad mistake ;—our old standard novelists have stood the test of time and criticism too long to fall beneath such coxcomical dogmas as this ;—they wrote for the world, about the world, and as long as the world is what it is, they cannot be out of date.

It is true that the delicate sensibilities of our times have gradually given birth to a more light and flimsy kind of wit, which, having been most inordinately relished, may probably have cloyed the appetite for more substantial food ;—but there is a time for all things, and our fashion-

able tale-bearers will one day look back upon their's.

It is so with every thing, when the march of civilization outsteps its bounds ; a French *fricassie* may, for a brief space, put a noble sirloin of beef out of countenance ; and a French *soufflé* may supersede the good plum-pudding of former days ;—but roast beef and plum-pudding must soon regain their ascendancy. Mr. Planché's elegant versions, and *per-versions* of French vaudevilles may for a time be "received with unbounded applause," and Mr. Martin and his beasts may be "the most gorgeous spectacle ever produced," but are we to be told in consequence that Shakspeare is out of date ! The case resolves itself too clearly to require further remark.

The proprietors of "Roscoe's Novelist's Library," in reprinting our standard fictions with an elegance of form and feature in perfect keeping with the improved (mechanical) taste of the age, and embellished in a style worthy of their authors, and of the best days of graphic humour, have produced a valuable addition to our literary possessions, and deserve the thanks and patron-

nage of all those to whom an elegant exterior is no disparagement to the treasures within.

Five volumes have already been published, and most liberally thick they are—never less than four hundred, and sometimes exceeding five hundred, pages. The illustrations, of which a specimen is given above, are in Cruikshank's happiest style ; and the binding is, to our mind, the most tasteful of all the little "Libraries."

Our sheet being, as usual, crowded with good things, we must proceed without delay to extract the passage in "Peregrine Pickle," which forms the subject of our illustration. It is the adventures of one of the fellow-captives of Peregrine, when imprisoned for debt, and runs thus :—

" Among other extraordinary adventures of this kind, none was more romantic than the last elopement achieved by the officer ; who told them, he had been arrested for a debt of two hundred pounds, at a time when he could not command as many pence, and conveyed to the bailiff's house, in which he continued a whole fortnight, moving his lodgings higher and higher, from time to time, in proportion to the decay of his credit ; until, from the parlour, he had made a regular ascent to the garret. There, while he ruminated on his next step, which would have been to the Marshalsea, and saw the night come on, attended with hunger and cold, the wind began to blow, and the tiles of the house rattled with the storm : his imagination was immediately struck with the idea of escaping unperceived, amidst the darkness and noise of the tempest, by creeping out of the window of his apartment, and making his way over the tops of the adjoining houses. Glowing with this prospect, he examined the passage, which, to his infinite mortification, he found grated with iron bars on the outside ; but even this difficulty did not divert him from his purpose. Conscious of his own strength, he believed himself able to make a hole through the roof, which seemed to be slender and crazy ; and, on this supposition, he barricadoed the door with the whole furniture of the room ; then, setting himself to work with a poker, he in a few minutes effected a passage for his hand, with which he gradually stripped off the boards and tiling, so as to open a sally-port for his whole body, through which he fairly set himself free, groping his way towards the next tenement. Here, however, he met

with an unlucky accident: his hat, being blown off his head, chanced to fall into the court, just as one of the bailiff's followers was knocking at the door; and this myrmidon, recognising it immediately, gave the alarm to his chief, who, running up stairs to the garret, forced open the door in a twinkling, notwithstanding the precautions which the prisoner had taken, and, with his attendant, pursued the fugitive through his own track. 'After this chase had continued some time,' said the officer, 'to the imminent danger of all three, I found my progress suddenly stopped by a sky-light, through which I perceived seven tailors sitting at work upon a board. Without the least hesitation, or previous notice, I plunged among them with my backside foremost. Before they could recollect themselves from the consternation occasioned by such a strange visit, I told them my situation, and gave them to understand that there was no time to be lost. One of the number, taking the hint, led me instantly down stairs, and dismissed me at the street-door; while the bailiff and his follower, arriving at the breach, were deterred from entering by the brethren of my deliverer, who, presenting their shears, like a range of *chevaux de frise*, commanded them to retire, on pain of immediate death; and the catchpole, rather than risk his carcass, consented to discharge the debt, comforting himself with the hope of making me prisoner again. There, however, he was disappointed: I kept snug, and laughed at his escape warrant, until I was ordered abroad with the regiment, when I conveyed myself in a hearse to Gravesend, where I embarked for Flanders; but, being obliged to come over again on the recruiting-service, I was nabbed on another score; and all the satisfaction my first captor has been able to obtain, is a writ of detainer, which, I believe, will fix me in this place, until the parliament, in its great goodness, shall think proper to discharge my debts by a new act of insolvency.'

#### THE FALSE STEP, &c.

*The False Step, and the Sisters.* 3 vols.  
Bull.

Who shall decide when critics disagree? It happens that last week our worthy "rival" of *The Literary Gazette*, and our no less worthy friend of *The Athenæum* had both the start of us in an early notice of the above volumes. Anxious to know the opinions of those to whom we had long been accustomed to confess all literary allegiance, we read the two criticisms, but could come to no very satisfactory conclusion from their perusal. Though both agreed that the above were interesting productions, well written and well worth reading, how did their opinions cross when

they came to speak of the comparative merits of the two stories. *The Gazette* acknowledges "The Sisters" as its favorite, and tells us why: that "it is touching, even to pain," and that "it illustrates the old poet's words,

"Oh, fearful thing to let one only hope  
Engross the human heart."

But while *The Gazette* critic thus confesses the reason of its partiality for "The Sisters," he enters into no explanation as to why "The False Step" could not afford him equal satisfaction, and only adds, that it "gives, not the history of a divorced wife, but of her children, and the shame and sorrow visited on their innocent heads." It is somewhat remarkable, however, that though "The Sisters" is the favourite story with *The Gazette*, the only extract therein taken from these volumes is from "The False Step."

On the other hand, the *Athenæum* writer seems to prefer "The False Step;" in which, he says, "the painful consequences of crime are brought forward with commendable temperance; neither is there the slightest endeavour to enlist the reader's sympathies on the wrong side, or to palliate the exquisite errors of any exquisite personage. It is an interesting, well-told story, not over-drawn," &c. This is high and, we think, well-merited praise. Let us hear what the same critic says of the *Gazette's* favorite, "touching even to pain." "It turns on the change of sentiment which years and loss of beauty produce in a lover's mind—illustrates the misery which springs from unnatural generosity, and departure from simple truthful dealing; but we do not like it so well as the 'False Step.' There is more dilating upon feeling for mere feeling's sake—too much unrelieved sorrow and unnecessary sentiment. Many readers will probably like the tale, but it will be the young, who can afford to affect sad fancies." It is curious sometimes to compare contemporary criticisms; in the present case there can be no great difficulty in choosing that which is most worthy of the name.

But we must say a word or two about these volumes ourselves, we suppose, and really, after the very fair opinions of the *Athenæum* we have not need to add much. Both these stories are narratives of real life; both are of a melancholy cast; and the misery in both is brought about by the folly or wickedness inherent to human frailty. These tales are, therefore, recommendable in a moral point of view, while, as mere novels, they are no mean specimens of the talent of the day. In seeking a passage for extract, there are many scenes of a powerful and harrowing description we might select, but we prefer taking our *dramatis personæ* in a quieter and more homely situation, and transcribe the whole of a chapter of "The False Step," which

will give a very fair notion of the author's style, and a "small guess" at the character of the story:—

"In the evening, charades were acted, a quadrille was danced, piquet, ecarté, and chess were played; Miss Langham sang duets with her brother and with Capt. Bathurst; and Jeannette, at the request of her father, accompanied herself on the guitar to a little Spanish air, which he much loved. She sang the English words to it, beginning,

"Toll not the bell of death for me when I am dead."

There is a pathos in the melody, when sung even indifferently, irresistible to lovers of plaintive music. But Jeannette did it ample justice. It was an old favourite of her own. She had sung it, till to herself every line was fraught with more of meaning than the poet gave. It was this additional interpretation of her own that enabled her to touch so deeply the feelings of those who listened. Many thanked, many applauded, some flattered her; but her imagination was for the moment raised beyond the reach of plaudits or flattery. Yet a few minutes afterwards, when she received a low bow of acknowledgment from Captain Bathurst, she felt a flutter of pleasure at her heart utterly at war with her previous train of pensive meditation. She was conscious of it, and strove to expel the agreeable intruder. The endeavour gave a deeper colouring to her cheek, a richer lustre to her eyes. They were radiant with sensibility and with happiness; for oh! let none deny it, there are passing moments, owing indeed their charm to vanity, that do impart happiness—brief indeed, but still happiness, and delightful, if not exquisite.

"Mr. Langham accidentally looked towards her, as her retreating blush made her appear to be turning pale from heat.

"Jeannette, my love, this room is, I fear, too warm for you."

"No; these heavy flowers oppress me," she said, removing at the same time from her forehead a white rose-wreath that was pressing on her brow.

A rose-wreath, more or less, would be to most people of slight importance,—they would look neither better with, nor worse without it; but to real beauty every thing seems of moment. Lindsay Bathurst gazed on Jeannette, now that her fair forehead was exposed to view, as if he had beheld her for the first time. Perfect as he had before considered her, she seemed now a changed, and even a more beautiful being than before.

"Another, yet the same," broke from him half unconsciously, and met the ear of Mr. Langham, who had a good memory, and loved quotation. To quote appositely, and without pedantry, always secured his favour as well as his attention; and he

maintained, that the power to do so was an elegant species of wit. Quotation, he said, was not only the parole of the literary world, but of refined life. In the simplest conversation he himself, from the corners of his memory, would bring out "beautiful old rhyme," either to grace or elevate his subject, as it might happen. He repeated to Jeannette the line which had pleased him; and Captain Bathurst, hearing that he did so, came towards them.

"I have been longing," he said to Jeannette, "to tell you how much I like your singing."

"Do you, indeed, admire that melancholy song? I love it much, but that is from long acquaintance and old associations."

"And I too love it much, though it reduced me from an excess of good spirits to something like depression."

"I am sorry," said Jeannette, laughing.

"Nay, you must neither laugh nor be sorry. I had been quaffing largely of the opiate of delusion;—I had been for some hours dreaming of earth as it is not, filled with undying beauty, canopied with cloudless skies, &c. &c.; but I do not mean to trouble you with all I thought."

"O! pray do."

"No—I dare not; for you would regret, though I do not, that your voice, in such an hour as this, should have made me think of sorrow, grief, bitterness, and death."

"If you dislike such emotions, which I confess, thus vaguely felt, are to me a pleasure, I must avoid singing that song to you again."

"On the contrary, if I might, I would say, sing it for ever,—it fills all my heart, and does me good."

"Had you," said Jeannette timidly, "ever heard it before?"

"Never! but, like Jessica, I am always sad when I do hear sweet music. I have moreover a creed of my own with regard to the influence of sweet sounds, which ought to be new to us, yet are not so. Did you never, Miss Langham, feel intimately acquainted with strains heard for the first time?"

"Often, very often, the wild, irregular, and long-drawn tones of the Aeolian harp have made me feel it, as well as every gradation of studied composition, from the simplest melodies to the most complicated harmony. How do you account for it?"

"In what the world would call a romantic and irrational manner; but I see I must not enter on it to-night, for every body is departing.—Good night—good night!"

Jeannette, when alone with Matilda, felt inclined to communicate to her some of her many thoughts, but knew not how to commence. Her mind was in a state of extreme activity, and a single word

could have inclined her to entire confidence or to perfect reserve.

"Matilda observed carelessly, 'This Lindsay Bathurst is not quite so disagreeable as I expected to find him.'

"'No, not quite, I think,' said Jeannette, in reply. 'Good night, dear Matilda, for I am tired to death.'

"And feeling ashamed to praise any one of whom her sister spoke so slightly, Jeannette quickly departed to her own room, lest she should give utterance to her own very different impressions.

"Her earliest opinions of this young man remaining untold, very possibly increased that reserve, which it is the nature of all deep feeling to encourage, and which Jeannette so uniformly preserved towards Matilda, in the progress of her acquaintance with him."

The author's language is generally very correct, varied, and energetic, occasionally approaching the poetical; take one specimen:—

"In the dark retrospect of my life, how alternately bright and mournful has that one moment been to me! the flowers of the east, that vary their colour as they are seen in sunshine or in shade, change not their hue more suddenly than do my own wild thoughts and recollections. Camelion like, they vary perpetually; but, alas! like the tints of departing day, they change and change but to end in a deep deep night."

We conclude by cordially wishing this work the success it deserves.

#### ROSS COX'S ADVENTURES.

*The Columbia River; or, Scenes and Adventures during a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various Tribes of Indians hitherto unknown: together with a Journey across the American Continent.* By Ross Cox. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

It does one's heart good to read Mr. Cox's book; he talks so intelligently about all that he meets with, and tells us all his troubles, and dangers, and escapes, with such complacency and simplicity of style, that we could not recommend a better remedy for a spleenetic attack than half-a-dozen of his amusing pages. Mr. Cox is rather sentimental occasionally, and his dreams and images are highly entertaining. The following is an exquisite and unique specimen. Our author has been wandering about all day, thirsty, hungry, fatigued, and chagrined, seeking for his lost companions; at length he determines upon taking some repose, which he does as is here described:—

"At some distance on my left I observed a field of high strong grass, to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty, and fell asleep.

During the night confused dreams of *warm houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears, and rattle-snakes*, haunted my disturbed imagination."

The confused imagery of this dream would form an admirable subject for the pencil of a Fuseli!

In his subsequent wanderings he meets with alarms and attacks from wild beasts and reptiles without number. As for instance:—

*Wolves.*—"I suffered much from want of water, having got during the day only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took up my quarters for the night. The dew fell heavily; but I was too much fatigued to go in quest of bark to cover me; and even had I been so inclined, the howling of the wolves would have deterred me from making the dangerous attempt. There must have been an extraordinary nursery of these animals close to the spot; for between the weak shrill cries of the young, and the more loud and dreadful howling of the old, I never expected to leave the place alive. I could not sleep. My only weapons of defence were a heap of stones and a stick. Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me. I presented the stick at them as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp fiery eyes, to which the partial glimpses of the moon had imparted additional ferocity, retreated into the wood. In this state of fearful agitation I passed the night; but as daylight began to break, nature asserted her supremacy, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge by the sun, I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th."

Again:—"About dusk, an immense sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before me, in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternoon repast on my half-famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I

*might make it appear I was not alone (!).* An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom."

*Snakes.*—“The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattle-snake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon despatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark brown, blue, and green, made their appearance: they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren; and I could only kill a few of them. *This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment.* I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal Psalmist, that ‘the snares of death compassed me round about.’ Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massacred the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through Divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose.”

*A Bear.*—“On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had re-

moved part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprung up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped, and turned about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him; and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. On the morning of the 27th, a little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, ‘cast a longing, lingering look’ towards me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and resumed my journey through the woods in a north-north-east direction.”

*Indian Barbarities.*—We have a dreadful account of the cruelties practised by the various savage tribes in the course of their perpetual warfare. Take as a specimen the account of the execution of a captive of the tribe of Black-feet, by the Flat-heads:

“The man was tied to a tree; after which they heated an old barrel of a gun until it became red hot, with which they burned him on the legs, thighs, neck, cheeks, and belly. They then commenced cutting the flesh from about the nails, which they pulled out, and next separated the fingers from the hand, joint by joint. During the performance of these cruelties the wretched captive never wince, and instead of suing for mercy, he added fresh stimulants to their barbarous ingenuity by the most irritating reproaches, part of which our interpreter translated as follows:—‘My heart is strong. You do not hurt me. You can't hurt me. You are fools.

You do not know how to torture. Try it again. I don't feel any pain yet. We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud, like little children. You are not brave: you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight.’ Then addressing one in particular, he said, ‘It was by my arrow you lost your eye;’ upon which the Flat-head darted at him, and with a knife in a moment scooped out one of his eyes; at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose nearly in two. This did not stop him; with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another, and said, ‘I killed your brother, and I scalped your old fool of a father.’ The warrior to whom this was addressed instantly sprung at him, and separated the scalp from his head. He was then about plunging a knife in his heart, until he was told by the chief to desist. The raw skull, bloody socket, and mutilated nose, now presented a horrific appearance, but by no means changed his tone of defiance. ‘It was I,’ said he to the chief, ‘that made your wife a prisoner last fall;—we put out her eyes;—we tore out her tongue;—we treated her like a dog. Forty of our young warriors—’ The chieftain became incensed the moment his wife's name was mentioned; he seized his gun, and, before the last sentence was ended, a ball from it passed through the brave fellow's heart, and terminated his frightful sufferings. Shocking, however, as this dreadful exhibition was, it was far exceeded by the atrocious cruelties practised on the female prisoners; in which, I am sorry to say, the Flat-head women assisted with more savage fury than the men. I only witnessed part of what one wretched young woman suffered, a detail of which would be too revolting for publicity. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying the Black-feet treated their relations in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors; and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men.”

And what, the reader will ask, is the mighty bone of contention, which is the cause or object of all these sanguinary deeds? “The only cause,” observes Mr. Cox, “assigned by the natives, of whom I write, for their perpetual warfare, is their love of buffalo. There are extensive plains to the eastward of the mountains, frequented in the summer and autumnal months by numerous heads of buffaloes.” Hither the tribes repair to hunt, and, from their frequent meetings, the most sanguinary conflicts ensue.

We will now, in conclusion, select two or three more very entertaining passages from these shrewd and well written volumes. Some of them will afford a strik-

ing illustration of the approximation of "the sublime to the ridiculous."

*Flat-head Creed.*—“The Flat-heads believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, and consequently in a future state of rewards and punishments. They hold, that after death the good Indian goes to a country in which there will be perpetual summer; that he will meet his wife and children; that the rivers will abound with fish, and the plains with the much-loved buffalo; and that he will spend his time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believe, will go to a place covered with *eternal snow*; that he will always be *shivering with cold* (!), and will see fires at a distance which he cannot enjoy, water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves, panthers, and serpents, separates these ‘shaking slaves of winter’ from their fortunate brethren in the ‘meadows of ease.’ Their punishment, is not, however, eternal, and, according to the different shades of their crimes, they are sooner or later emancipated, and permitted to join their friends in the Elysian fields.”

*Beavers.*—“They have a curious tradition with respect to beavers. They firmly believe that these animals are a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the powers of speech; and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals; with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months: but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking; to see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and, when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions, to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after

which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others; and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness. Should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are therefore obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped.”

The following is the substance of their *Tradition relative to the origin of Mankind.*—“Man was at first created by a divinity named Etalapass; but he was originally imperfect. His mouth was not divided, his eyes were closed, and his hands and feet immovable; in short, he was rather a statue of flesh than a living being. A second divinity, named Ecannum, less powerful than Etalapass, but more benevolent, seeing man in this imperfect state, took pity on him, and with a sharp stone opened his mouth, unclosed his eyes, and imparted motion to his hands and feet. Not satisfied with these gifts, the compassionate deity taught mankind how to make canoes, paddles, nets, and all their domestic utensils. He also overturned rocks into the rivers, which, by obstructing the progress of the fish through the waters, enabled them to take sufficient to satisfy their wants.”

*Rough-handed Physicians.*—“The most enlightened nations are inundated with charlatans; it is therefore not surprising they should flourish among rude barbarians. Every Indian village has its quack doctor, or, as they call him, ‘the strong man of medicine.’ The moment a native is attacked with sickness, no matter of what description, the physician is sent for. He immediately commences operations by stretching the patient on his back; while a number of his friends and relations surround him, each carrying a long and a short stick, with which they beat time to a mournful air which the doctor chaunts, and in which they join at intervals. Sometimes a slave is despatched to the roof of the house, which he belabours most energetically with his drum-sticks, joining at the same time with a loud voice the chorus inside. The man of medicine then kneels, and presses with all his force his two fists on the patient’s stomach. The unfortunate man, tortured with the pain produced by this violent operation, utters the most piercing cries; but his voice is drowned by the doctor and the by-standers, who chant loud and louder still the mighty ‘song of medicine.’ At the end of each stanza the operator seizes the patient’s

hands, which he joins together, and blows on. He thus continues alternately pressing and blowing, until a small white stone, which he had previously placed in the patient’s mouth, is forced out. This he exhibits with a triumphant air to the man’s relations, and, with all the confidence and pomposity of modern quackery, assures them the disease is destroyed, and that the patient must undoubtedly recover.”

*Art of Beauty.*—Talking of the various savage tribes, he observes:—“The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among them all. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle formed like a trough, with moss under it. One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead, with a piece of cedar-bark over it; and, by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty; and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Roundhead* than these savages. They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads; and, accordingly, every child of a bondsman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits not only his father’s degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium.”

#### MRS. SHELLEY’S FRANKENSTEIN.

WHEN a person talks much about himself and his doings, the ill-natured world is very apt to accuse him of egotism, which we of *The Guardian* hold in utter horror. When a lady speaks, however, the case is different; to hear a lady at any time and under any circumstances, must be agreeable to every person of taste, and especially is it so when she talks so intelligibly and so amusingly as Mrs. Shelley does in the forthcoming preface to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley’s new edition of “Frankenstein.” As a curious literary document, we insert the whole of it:—

“The publishers of the standard novels, in selecting *Frankenstein* for one of their series, expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story. I am the more willing to comply, because I shall thus give a general

answer to the question, so very frequently asked me—‘How I, then a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?’ It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print; but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connexion with my authorship alone, I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion. It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime, during the hours given me for recreation, was to ‘write stories.’ Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood’s companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest pleasure when free. I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts; but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then; but in a most commonplace style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too common-place an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age than my own sensations. After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, however, was from the first very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was for ever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely in-

different to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce any thing worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling, and the cares of a family, occupied my time; and study in the way of reading, or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention. In the summer of 1816 we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores! and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him. But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the History of the Inconstant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed, like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon’s fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday. ‘We will each write a ghost story,’ said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of Mazeppa. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who

was so punished for peeping through a key-hole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task. I busied myself to think of a story,—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention, which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. *Have you thought of a story?* I was asked each morning; and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative. Every thing must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindoos give the world an elephant to support it; but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it. Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin, (I speak not of what the doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him,) who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be reanimated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and

endued with vital warmth. Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bound of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together; I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out; and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing which had received such imperfect animation would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes. I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark *parquet*, the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story,—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night! Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. ‘I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.’ On the morrow I announced that I had *thought of a story*, I began that day with the words, *It was on a dreary night of November*, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream. At first I thought but of a few pages—of a short tale; but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely of one train of feeling, to my husband, and yet but for his in-

citement, it would never have taken the form in which it was presented to the world. From this declaration I must except the preface. As far as I can recollect, it was entirely written by him. And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk, many a drive, and many a conversation, when I was not alone; and my companion was one who, in this world, I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations. I will add but one word as to the alterations I have made. They are principally those of style. I have changed no portion of the story, nor introduced any new ideas or circumstances. I have mended the language where it was so bald as to interfere with the interest of the narrative; and these changes occur almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. Through—but they are entirely confined to such parts as are mere adjuncts to the story, leaving the core and substance of it untouched.

“ M. W. S.”

#### ON QUEENS.

*Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns.*  
By Mrs. Jameson, Authoress of the  
“ Diary of an Ennuyée,” &c. 2 vols.  
Colburn and Bentley.

THE interest excited by the “Diary” named above, at the time of its first publication, must be fresh in the memory of all the reading world, and would have been alone sufficient to stamp the character of its talented author. But Mrs. Jameson has not confined herself to sentiment and *ennui*; her present publication being one of a much higher and more philosophic aim. She presents us with historical and characteristic views of female royalty in ancient and modern time; her object having been “to present, in a small compass, and at one view, an idea of the influence which a female government has had, generally, on men and nations, and of the influence which the possession of power has had individually on the female character.”

Our authoress has here a wide field to range in, and she treats her subject with a breadth and freedom commensurate.

Two or three specimens we must extract:—

*Curious Coincidences between Mary, Queen of Scots, and Joanna of Naples.*—“ Both were from their birth destined to a throne; both were called to reign in early youth; both were highly and equally gifted by nature in mind and in person; both beautiful, and even resembling each other in the character of beauty attributed

to each; both were remarkable for a love of pleasure, a taste for magnificence, and an early predilection for literature and learned men. If Mary was the most accomplished of the two, it was because she lived in more favourable times, and her education took place under more favourable auspices. She loved poetry, and patronised Ronsard, the best poet of his time. The court of Joanna was graced by Petrarch, one of the greatest poets of any age. Joanna left many monuments of her splendid taste; for she had enjoyed, in the midst of tumults and reverses, some intervals of tranquillity, and reigned thirty years. Mary’s short and unquiet reign did not permit her to leave any lasting memorials of her splendour or her beneficence; and what she might or would have done must be left to conjecture. Mary and Joanna were both married in their infancy, and without their own choice, to men far inferior to themselves, both in mental powers and personal accomplishments.—Andreas of Hungary was brought to Naples to be educated with his future bride; and Mary was sent to Paris to be educated with her future husband. According to some historians, Andreas appears to have greatly resembled Francis in his disposition. They describe him as timid, deficient in intellect, but good-natured and affectionate; according to other writers, he united all the deficiencies of Francis to all the vices of Darnley. Both queens have been accused as accessory to a husband’s murder, under circumstances nearly similar, and on very uncertain and contradictory evidence. The marriage of Joanna with Louis of Taranto, who had been suspected of conspiracy against her former husband, had nearly proved as fatal in its consequences as Mary’s union with Bothwell, and exposed her to the same dishonourable imputations. The marriage of Joanna with Louis caused a rebellion among her subjects, and her own banishment from her kingdom for several years: Mary’s precipitate union with Bothwell likewise gave her subjects an excuse for rebellion, and banished her from her kingdom for ever. Louis of Hungary, with his open violence and secret treachery, his ceaseless machinations and deadly irreconcilable hatred, played the same part in the history of Joanna that Elizabeth enacted in that of Mary. There is reason to imagine that the idea of the black banner, painted with the murder of Darnley, which Mary’s rebel subjects paraded before her eyes at Carberry Hill, was suggested by the terrific banner of the King of Hungary, borne before him when he invaded Naples, and on which was represented the murder of Andreas; the coincidence would otherwise be almost incredible. The state of Naples in the reign of Joanna, the power and ferocity of the feu-

dal barons, the uncivilized condition and factious spirit of the populace, remind us strongly of the situation of Scotland when Mary succeeded to her hereditary crown; and both Joanna and Mary, as women, appear to have been strangely misplaced in the barbarous times in which they lived. Mary, a queen, in her own capital, saw David Rizzio stabbed almost before her eyes, powerless to save him; Joanna, in her own palace, beheld her seneschal, her nurse Philippa, and her friend Sancha, dragged from her side, to perish in tortures. In both instances it happened that these circumstances of horror took place when Mary and Joanna were each on the point of becoming a mother; in both instances their condition, their entreaties, and their tears, failed to procure either forbearance or compassion from the savages who outraged them. But by far the most striking coincidence is the similarity in character, conduct, and fate, between the Earl of Murray and Charles of Durazzo: both were remarkable for talents and accomplishments, equally skilled in war, in policy, and intrigue; both were valiant, crafty, ambitious. Murray was the brother of Queen Mary, had been distinguished by her with boundless confidence and affection, and, in the beginning of her reign, had been loaded with benefits, and promoted to offices of the highest trust and power; Joanna had taken Charles of Durazzo under her protection when an orphan, had adopted and cherished him as a son, and married him to her heiress.—Murray plotted with Elizabeth to dethrone his sister and sovereign, and built his power on her ruin; Durazzo, with treachery and ingratitude yet more flagitious and detestable, joined with Louis of Hungary, and first dethroned, then murdered his benefactress. Within a short time afterwards, Durazzo was himself murdered by a woman; and Murray, within a few years after his accession to power, perished, if not by the hand or act of a woman, yet the wrongs of a woman inspired and armed his assassin. Both Mary and Joanna owed their chief troubles and final ruin to a religious schism; they both refused in their latter years to purchase freedom and life by relinquishing their regal dignity; both died in prison, and by violence. The imprisonment of Mary was long and cruel, and a sore trial of her fortitude. On the other hand, the captivity of Joanna was short, but her death horrible to the imagination,—mysterious, frightful, unseen, unpitied, and executed by vile hands. She perished as a victim; Mary, like a martyr: by vile hands indeed, and viler practice; but with friendly hearts near her, and all Europe looking on to admire, to applaud, and to bewail her."

*Christina of Sweden.*—“ Among the sayings of Christina, a few are worth re-

marking, either for their truth, or as characteristic of the woman. ‘Fools,’ she was accustomed to say, ‘are more to be feared than the wicked.’ ‘Whatever is false is ridiculous.’ ‘There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.’ ‘We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil.’ This was a maxim which she was continually violating in her own person; she appears to have been the greatest egotist extant (for a female.) ‘To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.’ ‘We read for instruction, for correction, and for consolation.’ ‘There is a star above us, which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.’ ‘Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.’ ‘We grow old more through indolence than through age.’ ‘The Salique law which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.’ ‘Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.’ ‘To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship.’ ‘This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.’ There are several anecdotes related of Christina, which I do not find under any particular date, and which may, therefore, be inserted here. When Michael Dahl, a Swedish painter, who was afterwards in the service of William III., visited Rome, he was employed to paint a portrait of Christina. One day, while she was sitting to him, she asked him what he intended to put in her hand. ‘A fan, please your majesty.’ ‘A fan!’ exclaimed Christina, starting up, with a tremendous oath; ‘a fan!—a lion, man! a lion is fitter for the Queen of Sweden!’ Once as she was looking with evident admiration at Bernini’s statue of Truth, a cardinal *bel esprit*, who was standing by, exclaimed, with an air of gallantry, ‘Heaven be praised that your majesty so much admires truth, a thing which so few princes can even tolerate!’ ‘No wonder,’ replied the queen, instantly, ‘all truths are not of marble!’ (*Je le crois bien—c'est que toutes les vérités ne sont pas de marbre.*) A manuscript volume containing an account of her conversion from Lutheranism to Popery, having been sent to her, she wrote a few words on the back of it, which have since passed into a proverb, and may well be applied to the principal actors on many other occasions:—‘Chi lo sa, non scrive; chi lo scrive, non sa;’—‘the person who knows all about it, does not write; and the writer knows nothing of the matter.’ One day that she was laughing and talking very loud during the celebration of the mass, the pope, as a gentle hint, sent her his own rosary, and desired her to make use of it. ‘Non mi ga voglio essere un’ Catolica da bacchettone!’ exclaimed

Christina, making use of a strong, but rather vulgar expression, which signifies that she had not become a Catholic to tell her beads.”

#### EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

MARTIN DOYLE’S “*Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada*” are a valuable continuation of his cheap little works for the instruction of the labouring classes. The appendix of original letters, from poor emigrants, is invaluable in shape of testimony. If they become extensively read, we should not be surprised to see whole districts depopulated, or at least deserted, by all those who can pay their passage to Upper Canada. The letters are all from labourers and mechanics, and are creditable to their good feelings; as for information, they go straightforward to give it, and have not a sufficient command of words to bury in phraseology. There is evidently an abundant satisfaction felt by every one of the scribes as to all carnal enjoyments; *one* only laments at all, and *he* pines for the spiritual enjoyment of Frome! Where he is settled, poor man! he lives in the enjoyment of all that the flesh cares for: but, alas! his lot is cast among Quakers, and his soul starves among the silent abominations of a meeting of Friends. He exclaims, Oh, that he “were at Frome on Sundays;” yet adds, in the spirit of one wise in his generation, but “*here* the other six.” This good man is a shoemaker; and thus mixes up rejoicing over the prosperity of his trade and lamentation at the dearth of comfort for the soul:—

“I had 13s. 6d. for making a pair of Wellington boots, which will go nearly as far again in provision here as at home; the price for men and women’s shoes is alike, 4s. 6d. for light, and 3s. 6d. for stout ones; they find their own thread too, so that I have nothing to get but wax and hairs, nor have I any thing to do with finishing off the uppers. As I save money now very fast, I shall soon be able to buy my own leather, which will be more profitable. At the same time, I am not satisfied with this situation, as there is no meeting within three miles of us, except the Quakers, and they only have it once on a Sunday. They are nearly all Quakers here: they are very kind indeed—they all want us to visit them. We have as much as we like for fetching of potatoes, French beans, cucumbers, peas, onions, &c. in great abundance, from any of the neighbours, with a hearty welcome. The best mutton is 2½d. per lb.; veal, 2d.; tea and sugar full as cheap again as at home; butter, 6d. I tell you the price of every thing in English money to prevent mistakes.”

This theological character is sorely perplexed as to the advice he should give his friends on the subject of joining him; he is divided between pelf and preaching; at

last he hits upon the happy expedient of advising them to come in force sufficient to maintain "a humble preacher." We give the conclusion of his letter, in which, among some interesting statements, he still dwells upon the awkwardness of his dilemma:—

"When I make a pair of shoes for a person, he asks me at what mill I will have my wheat lodged; I tell him, he then takes it and brings me a receipt; I have then to say whether I mean to sell or have it ground for my own use; if I sell it, I can get cash for it by waiting about a month; this is the way the trade of this country is carried on. But it is a growing country, and money gets more plenty every year. We are a great deal more comfortable than we expected to be in so short a time. I want to advise you all to come, for here we are all free from anxiety as to getting on. But the difference between having and not having religious privileges is so great, that I cannot conscientiously persuade you to come till I can fix on a place where they are more happily blended with temporal ones, unless you could bring, as I have before hinted, a number of Christians, which would consummate our happiness. I should be happy to hear that two or three thousand were coming from home, as it would be the best thing in the world for them; there would be plenty for them to do, and a plenty to eat and drink; in this there is no mistake. I seem to want to tell this, that, and the other story about men who came without a single shilling, but have now good farms of their own; but they would be so numerous, I can only say that all the good accounts I have read of America, I believe to be correct. I should like you to send me word what day and month you receive this, that I may know how long it was on the passage. I hope you do not entertain the melancholy idea of never meeting again, I have no doubt of it."

William Snelgrove, another correspondent, cares for none of these things; his letter turns upon two subjects—health and a bellyful. As to the latter, he says to his friends at home:—

"You have a good many cold bellies to go to bed with, or things are greatly altered since I was with you; but here, if you choose, your belly would be so warm for three-halfpence, that you would not know the way to bed."

This man is evidently one of the *swinish* multitude—"Epicuri de grege porcus;" nevertheless he understands the blessing of health, and reasons very curiously upon the deterioration of every article but that in England. He evidently considers that if the national health depended upon votes in Parliament, it would be played the devil with, like "labour and victualling."

"Health," says Snelgrove, "is a beauti-

ful thing; as it depends upon God to give it,—for were it in the hands of man, health would decline, as many other things have in England; such as labour and victualling, which if God gives us health, is quite plentiful with us."

James Hunt, who writes from Nelson, district of Gore, begins his letter cheerily:—

"I write these lines to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves us at present, thank God for it. I am happy to state that we are in a good country for poor folks; we have plenty of good fire and grog: wheat, 4s. per bushel; good boiling peas, 3s. 6d.; rye, 3s.; buck wheat, 2s. 6d.; Indian corn, 2s. 6d.; oats, 2s.; potatoes, 1s. 3d."

He adds, respecting wages, that servants have 3*l.* per month, *and dine with their masters.* "I see," says he, "in the paper, the great lamentation of our departing from Chapman'slade; *more need to rejoice.*" He concludes with the following creditable passage, referring chiefly to the condition of the parents left at home:—

"James and Jemima Hunt, (the writers of this letter,) never wish to return to England, but wish that all our friends were here; for here is plenty of work, and plenty to eat and drink. We all wish that our fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, were here, for here is plenty of room for all there is in England. They that think to work may do well, but if our fathers and mothers were here they should never be obliged to do a hard day's work, for we would keep them without work, if they were not able. But if any should, I wish you to make up your minds beforehand not to be faint hearted; you may expect rocking, but I don't fear the raging seas, for perhaps more may come as safely as we, for the God that rules the land, rules the sea; it may be that one might have a long passage, but they see something wonderful every day; such fish! the sights will be worth their passage. There are some that came here this year turned back before they knew whether 'tis good or bad."

This is not an unfrequent theme; the poverty at home dashes even the abundance of Canada with bitterness. George Carpenter, late of Hampstead Road, dated from York, says:—"I only wish you were here, to live as we do; we want for nothing; but when we sit down, to think how they are all starving at home, it gives me the horrors, especially my poor father and mother." Mr. Carpenter gives us a piece of information which is new, and may be valuable to emigrants. "Tell Henry," says he, "to bring two donkeys with him for breeding; for they are so valuable here that you can get 50*l.* for them when you get here." This letter is dated 29th Jan. in the present year. He also advises that his correspondent bring a

good gun; "for you need not be afraid: o shoot; for this is the place to live in."

William Singer, a bricklayer, shows his attachment to his new abode, by clinging to it in spite of a series of most unlucky accidents. The man being accustomed to no instrument sharper than a trowel, had cut himself in all directions, and for two of his toes was indebted to his master's skill in sewing them on again; nevertheless, says he, "if I was to cut my leg right off, I should not think of returning to Corseley again, for I could do much better here with one leg than at Corseley with two.—If any of my old acquaintances have got tired of being slaves and drudges, tell them," says he, "to come to Upper Canada, to William Singer, bricklayer; he'll take them by the hand, and lead them to *hard work, good wages, and the best of living.*"

These are the joys of Upper Canada.—*Spectator.*

#### ON THE MEDICINAL VIRTUES AS- CRIBED TO PRECIOUS STONES BY THE MUHAMMEDANS.

(From Reinaud's "Description des Monumens Musulmans du Cabinet de M. le Dic de Blacas.")

We know that the ancients, by a sentiment not unnatural to man, conceived that there existed no substance in which Providence had not placed some remedy for our ills; consequently they made use of stones as well as earths in medicine. These notions have been preserved to our own time, and there are yet persons who place faith in them; but no where have they exercised such dominion as in the east.

We read in Teifashi that the *ruby* fortifies the heart and protects from the plague and thunder, it also stops an issue of blood. Placed beneath the tongue, it quenches thirst; lastly, it preserves from the temptation of drowning one's self. The Asiatics employ it likewise in a host of remedies.

The *emerald* is considered to be an excellent specific for the bites of vipers; if it is pulverized and drank in water, it cures all venomous wounds. Besides this, it is sufficient to present one to the view of a viper to put out its eyes. Nor is it less useful against epilepsy and maladies of the stomach; lastly, gazing steadfastly upon it strengthens the sight; from all which, adds Teifashi, it follows that this stone is much sought after.

The *diamond*, applied upon the abdomen, cures the choleric and other stomachic disorders; it is also good against epilepsy.

The *turquoise* shares the virtue of the emerald in strengthening the sight; it is moreover very useful in diseases of the eye and the bites of the scorpion. According to Teifashi, this stone is one of those held in most esteem.

As to *cornelian*, its virtues vary according to its peculiar tint; the deep red prevents the sad effects of anger; that which is of a flesh colour with white rays stops haemorrhages; lastly, a third kind, reduced to powder, cures the tooth-ache.\*

*Hematite* rescues from the gout and facilitates accouchemens; pulverized and swallowed in milk or warm water, it destroys the effects of poison.

*Emery*, besides its property of serving to polish the other stones, possesses likewise that of curing disorders of the stomach, the eyes, and all kinds of wounds.

*Lapis lazuli* in a powdered state serves in cases of diseased eyes, as well as all kinds of humours.

*Jeshm* (a kind of jade stone) keeps away thunder and unpleasant dreams.

*Jesb* (another kind of jade) is useful in disorders of the throat and stomach. This is the stone which in the middle ages was termed *nephritic*, from a Greek word which signifies *rein* or *kidney*, because it was reckoned of great efficacy in disorders of that part of the body. The Arabic authors have not mentioned this last quality.

*Rock crystal* prevents bad dreams.

Such are the virtues of which mention is made in *Teifashi* and other oriental writers. We could cite a greater number, but these will suffice to give an idea of them. The orientals go so far as to attribute supernatural powers to certain stones. We are surprised to read in *Teifashi*, that the ruby, worn on the finger or the neck, makes persons appear larger than they really are. The emerald disperses demons and evil spirits. Cat's eye preserves from the glances of the "evil eye" and sets at defiance the strokes of fate; in the middle of a combat, again, if one is hard pressed, one has only to present it at the enemy, and we become invisible. Lastly, the turquoise secures one from disgrace and death.

#### THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.

(*Extracts—Continued.*)

We have already copied one of Miss Mitford's delightful sketches of every-day life†; and we are now about to enliven our columns with another of those elegant pieces of writing for which that lady is pre-eminent. It is a little *anecdote de ménage*, which we meet with in *The Amulet*, under the title of

#### "A DAY OF DISTRESS."

We must pass over an introductory paragraph or two, and proceed at once to the

\* Niebuhr says, that to test the goodness of this stone, the Arabs wrap it in paper, to which they apply a piece of lighted charcoal; if the paper resists the action of the fire, the stone is good.

† "Catherine Cleveland," in No. 3.

"troubles of the lost keys;" an awful warning to absent housekeepers:—

"A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's pony-phæton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long-tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in the promise of another visit very soon; and I resumed, in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentlewoman of small fortune; ordered dinner—minced veal, cold ham, a currant pudding, and a sallad—if any body happens to be curious on the score of my housekeeping; renewed my beau-pots; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at *The Times*; and was just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning visitors—friends from a distance—for whom, after a hearty welcome and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which order my miseries began.

"The keys, if you please ma'am, for the wine and the Kennet ale," said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook, and the under-maid, and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. "The keys, ma'am, if you please," said Anne; and then I found that my keys were not in my right-hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my left-hand pocket, where they might have been, nor in either of my apron pockets, nor in my work-basket, nor in my reticule—in short, that my keys were lost!

"Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions; but then the one opened that important part of me, my writing-desk; and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key of the key-drawer; and no chance of picking them—for alas! alas! the locks were Bramah's! So, after a few exclamations, such as, What can have become of my keys? Has any one seen my keys? Somebody must have run away with my keys! I recollect that, however consolatory to myself such lamentations might be, they would, by no means, tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could by sending to my nearest neighbours, (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day,) to supply, as well as might be, my deficiency. Accordingly I sent to the public-house for their best beer, which, not being Kennet ale, would not go down; and to the good-humoured wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best

wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose, from the other! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champaigne! Luckily the water was good, and my visitors were good-natured, and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. Johns, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring-water.

"This trouble passed over lightly enough; but scarcely were they gone before the tax-gatherer came for money—locked up in my desk! What will the collector say? And the justice's clerk, for warrants left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository? What will their worships say to this delinquency?—It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me in my own person!—My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing-desk; and when our kind neighbours, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

"But before the search could begin, in came the pretty little roly-poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats from seven downwards, with their whole train of nurses, and nursery-maids, and nursery-governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries; and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! And good Farmer Brooks, he, too, called, sent by his honour for a bottle of hollands—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar, and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer! And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one: to be sure, they had a few pinks and roses to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as uncomestable as the Schiedam.

"At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer not locked, every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again for these intolerable keys.

"All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over, (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby,) and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pincushions, and scissors, from the different work-baskets, work-boxes, and work-bags, (your idle person always abounds in working materials,) was as-

tounding. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns, beginning with an old boot, and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seemed to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second-hand bazaar; every thing was there except my keys.

"For four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden, until we were all so tired, that we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage to sit still—except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last I flung myself on a sofa in the green-house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I had first missed them.

"A jingle in my apron-pocket afforded some hope; but it turned out to be only the clinking of a pair of garden-scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil-case, and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily-bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine; but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palamon and Arcite, Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

"This circumstance recalls the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key-stealing that I had heard of amongst my acquaintance: how my old friend, Aunt Martha, had been so well known for that propensity, as to be regularly sought after when keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his eloquent talk, (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Staël, with a willow-twigs for the purpose,) had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a lawyer's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of divers law-suits to himself and his clients. Neither aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be equally subject to absent fits, and might, in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events, it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening, (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives about twenty miles off,) and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

"A wise resolution! but, like many other wise revolves, easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

"The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant-pudding; and the sugar was in the store-room, and the store-room was locked!—

And scarcely had I recovered from this shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam; so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat; for without the sallad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk were two important letters, one triple, and franked for that very night, as well as a corrected proof-sheet, for which the press was waiting; and that all these despatches were to be sent off by post that evening.

"Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing-desk to my good friend, the blacksmith, a civil intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, and uttered the word Bramah! And I thought my perplexity was nearly at its height, when, as I was wending slowly homeward, my sorrows were brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honour most in the world; a person whom all the world admires, who told me, in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me so near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me!

"Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea-drinker—a green-tea-drinker—one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, and, therefore, required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection.—Lady Mary come to drink tea with me, and I with nothing better to offer her than tea from the shop—the village-shop—bohea, or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture!—Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could go no further—it was the very extremity of small distress!

"Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums, and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away: I could not even laugh at myself, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honours by my plants; and, in placing a large night-scented stock, which was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

"'My keys! my keys!' cried I, untying the ribbon, as I heard a most pleasant jingle on the floor; and the lost keys, sure enough, they were—deposited there, of course, by my own hand—unfelt, unseen, and unsuspected, during our long and weary search! Since the adventure of my dear friend, Mrs. S., who hunted a whole

morning for her spectacles whilst they were comfortably perched upon her nose, I have met with nothing so silly and so perplexing.

"But my troubles were over—my affliction was at an end.

"The strawberries were sent to the dear little girls, and the Schiedam to the good farmer, and the warrants to the clerk; the tax-gatherer called for his money; letters and proofs went to the post; and never in my life did I enjoy a cup of Twining's green tea so much as the one which Lady Mary and I took together, after my day of distress!"

#### THE BULL AND THE BARBER.

(*From the Humorist.*)

LANCELOT LATHERWELL was the only barber in his village;—a man of no small importance in his own opinion, as well as in fact, seeing that he was familiar with all the *heads* of the place. The chief instrument of his power, however, was his razor,—a sceptre which he wielded somewhat absolutely perhaps, but uniformly with a regard to the welfare of his subjects, who were rather numerous, and consisted of such as were unable to shave themselves.

Latherwell, like a humane general, pursued his vocation with as little bloodshed as possible; indeed, he was wont to boast, that, since the days of his apprenticeship, he had drawn the purple stream but once, and that on the following occasion. One hot morning, while Lant was exercising his tonsorial functions upon a wealthy farmer, a short-horned bull, doubtless with a view of exciting the hair-dresser's emulation, thrust through the open window a head as nicely curled, and, perhaps, as sensible, as the most fashionable of our hero's patrons. Not succeeding in immediately attracting attention, the animal addressed itself to Lant's ear, with an effect which had nearly proved fatal to that of his customer; for the operator, who had a mortal dread of horned cattle, and of the squire's bull in particular, was so startled at the roar and the apparition, that, with an involuntary flourish of his razor, he had well nigh cropped the farmer as close as any terrier in the village. Fear is doubtless an exaggerator, but Latherwell maintains that the bull not only emitted fire from its nostrils, but that it scorched his right whisker, which, maugre the application of three bottles of Macassar, has never thriven properly since.

The farmer, who had, in truth, sustained but little injury, started up in Lant's table-cloth, in which, preparatory to the operation, he had been enveloped, and rushed into the street, like the ghost of Banquo, bleeding, and breathing vengeance, and spreading consternation, as he went. The whole village was in an uproar, and a variety of contradictory reports as to the

cause of the catastrophe were current. The most generally received account, however, not only stated that the barber had attacked the agriculturist, "with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," but was exceedingly circumstantial as to the origin of their quarrel. "The farmer," said rumour, "having a great dread of baldness, as indicative of age, had inquired of Lant if he did not think his hair was grown thicker? To which the other replied, no, but that he thought his head was; and, by way of a crowning climax, recommended him to select some public charity to which to leave his wealth, for that he certainly would die without a *hair*. Thereupon, the farmer, taking advantage of Lant's convenient position, had kicked his shins with his iron-tipped half-boots; and that the barber had retaliated by shaving off his customer's ear at a stroke."

Meanwhile the farmer, not satisfied with having the injury dressed by a surgeon, repaired to his attorney to get it redressed. Lawyers and prize-fighters are the only persons on earth who profit by black eyes and bloody noses. The pettifogger in question owed the distinction of being the most respectable solicitor in the village, to the circumstance of his being the only one in it. He told the farmer that he had been shamefully, scandalously, *barberously* used. The lawyer lied of course, and said an action would lie also, and therein he lied again.

An action, however, was brought at the next assizes, which arrived almost before Lant had recovered from the consternation into which the notice of the proceedings had thrown him. On the morning previous to the day on which the cause was expected to come on, the shaver was called upon for a cast of his office by a gentleman of some consequence in the neighbourhood, who, observing our hero to be unusually depressed, and eliciting the source of his uneasiness, despatched him, instanter, to the assize town with a letter to a barrister, explaining the case, and soliciting his good offices on the occasion.

The barrister, struck by the whimsicality of the circumstances, returned Latherwell his fee, and told him he would plead his cause for "the love of the thing."

The trial came on before a jury, whose countenances alone would have qualified them as members of a club of "Odd Fellows." The plaintiff's counsel commenced with a disquisition on ears; touched upon the sensitiveness of Priscian's, and alluded to those of Dionysius, who, as would doubtless, he said, be in the classical recollections of the jury, had three ears, though two only of them, he Hibernically added, were pairs. Having considered the subject morally, physically, and anatomically, he took another *field*, and dwelt upon the value of *ears* to farmers in parti-

cular, maintaining that they could not get their *bread* without them. He next referred to asses' ears; and concluded by such a stentorian appeal to those of the jury, that every man of them had as just ground of action against the counsel, as the farmer had against the barber.

The witnesses for the plaintiff having been examined and cross-examined, the defendant's counsel rose, and expressed his concern that it was not in his power to produce the only witness of the affray in which the action had originated, namely, the bull; but that the truth was, he could find none who would undertake to serve the subpoena personally, and that, pending the consultation of authorities as to whether flinging it over the hedge of his pasture would be a legal service, the bull had unfortunately changed his name, and become beef. "But this, gentlemen of the jury," he continued, "is a circumstance which I am led to regret less on my client's account, than on my learned brother's on the opposite side, whom, as he has indulged us with an Irish bull, I should have been gratified in introducing to an English one. Gentlemen of the jury, my case lies in a nutshell, and I want no other evidence than that with which the plaintiff has kindly furnished me, to prove it. Two of his witnesses have sworn that he is quite deaf of the ear of which, he alleges, the defendant had nearly deprived him. Now, gentlemen of the jury, I contend that had my client actually sliced off the plaintiff's ear, and put it in his breeches pocket, I should be entitled to a verdict; for what amount of damages would you award to a man for the loss of that which he himself has proved to have been utterly useless to him?"

The counsel paused for a moment to observe the effect of his appeal upon the jury; the foreman of which, after kicking three or four of his neighbours out of the land of dreams, stated that he had *taken* the *sense* of his colleagues, (which was very probable, since they appeared to have none left,) and would not trouble the learned gentleman to proceed, his last argument being conclusive. A verdict for the defendant was accordingly delivered, and the barber returned triumphant to his village.

### The Assiad.

#### CANTO I.—(Continued.)

Imprimis, Poets.—Oh! degenerate use  
Of that old sacred name! dishonouring,  
loose,  
And shameless application of a word!  
As though our language could not e'en af-  
ford,  
Rich as it is, a term to designate  
The difference betwixt a head and pate;

Or that it were such a time-serving jobber,  
As would not tell the honest man from rob-  
ber!

TIOIEΩ, FACIO, etymon of poet!—  
Which of ye, caitiffs, in your slang can show  
it?—

If, by a chance, some thoughts, "nitent in  
carmine,"

And, 'midst your braying, make a foreign  
harmony,

Are they not pilfer'd from the careless dead,  
Or absent living? Round each empty head  
Of peddling rhymers, jugglers of the lyre,  
That wallow in that worst of filthy mire,  
Self-praise—an altitude without a base,  
A kind of sublimated common-place.—  
Many a wreath of old poetic flow'rs,  
That grew in Homer's and in Milton's  
bow'rs,

I now can find, in artificial bloom,  
Upon a scull that I might call the tomb  
Of intellect, if ever even the word  
Had penetrated its concave absurd,  
Or, having died, could be so ill interr'd!  
Talking of Milton, some in our own day  
Have had the folly—ay, I e'en might say  
The blasphemy—to put their donkey hoof  
Into the path from which all stand aloof—  
The path of Deity—and prove "absurd"  
Is their most favourite, familiar word!  
Really, fables like the frog and bull  
Should be a lesson to th' ambitious dull!

Latin and Greek are robb'd quite bare of  
old;

French is the mine of intellectual gold \*,  
That in these days the grubbers of Parnassus  
(Oh! for a worse cacophony than *asses*,)  
Work by the pow'r of mental gravitation,  
A pow'r that governs more than half the na-  
tion;

Or all, if truly it be represented  
In those two houses that were once invented,  
But found out often as the veriest stables  
For ass-inine as well as other fables.

Scribblers of novels, plays, and poetry,  
Is there no intellectual—Tyburn—tree,  
The dread of whose disgraceful patronage  
Might e'en restrain your lawless plund'ring  
rage?

Alas! not one!—the world are all *padrones*  
To the vile thefts of literal *ladrones*;  
The more ye rob, the surer "*bravi*"'s  
sounded.

'Tis lucky in that word there is compounded  
A double meaning, praise and censure both.  
Th' applauding one is plain; and I'm not  
loth

To turn the other into our vernacular:  
(Oh! that my version could be deemed ora-  
cular!)

Bullies and swaggerers, living on the plunder  
Of rifled strangers. Does the heav'nly thun-  
der †

Keep all its stones for noise, and none for  
these, I wonder?

\* Your scene precariously subsists too long  
On French translation and Italian song:  
Dare to have sense yourselves.

Prologue to Cato.

† Vide Othello.

Would you steal gin, or such commodities?  
Oh, no! your delicate sense at that would  
sneeze!

And yet ye think there is no crime in using  
The mental riches of another's choosing ;  
Ye see no moral turpitude defin'd  
In pilfering "the shadowy tribes of mind"  
From one whose honest genius had amass'd  
(By Nature guided first—reflection last,)  
And rais'd around him a fairy colony  
Of liege dependents ; a lov'd progeny,  
That he had hop'd would do him credit in  
The eyes of other lands, until the sin  
Of villain robbery leaves him "poor indeed."  
Oh ! for a curse whose caustic would exceed  
Contempt, or Pity's cold and proud "for-  
giving," \*

The worst, last censure known to us yet  
living !  
And I would sound it loud as the crash of  
spheres

Into some wretches' panic-stricken ears !

Go to the theatre, once sacred fane  
Of Inspiration's works, but now profane,  
Disgusting brothel for the hireling crews  
Of self-crown'd lutists, whom the scornful  
muse

Hates as she ought—where Ignorance and  
Folly—

(Oh ! what a mournful thought for melan-  
choly !

I mean the melancholy that arises  
On seeing that succeed which one despises)—  
Folly in sock, the other buskin'd, dare  
To enter and pollute a temple, where  
Thalia and Melpomene once dwelt,

Ere quadrupedal pilgrims came and knelt,  
And, in their Midas judgments, swore the  
bays,

With which the genuine muse rewarded lays  
Of votive singers, were not half so dear  
As those that Ignorance and Folly rear.  
Oh ! for some thistles, favourite eud of asses,  
To crown those donkeys in their new Par-  
nassus !

### Drama.

WE regret that our limited space will this week only admit of our usual list of performances, with the addition of one or two brief memoranda, to the exclusion of all further criticism. It fortunately happens that not very much of importance has occurred.

#### DRURY LANE.

*Friday.—The Stranger*; Hyder Ali.  
*Saturday.—Love in a Village*; Hyder Ali.  
*Monday.—King John*; Hyder Ali.  
*Tuesday.—Love in a Village*; Hyder Ali.  
*Wednesday.—Virginius*; Hyder Ali.  
*Thursday.—The Duenna*; Hyder Ali.

M. Martin is engaged for six weeks certain, it is said, at a salary for himself and suite of £30 per night. Quære : will the house be fuller at half-price or whole-price at the end of the fifth week ? Mr. Macready has been playing *King John*, the *Stranger*, and *Virginius*; and

\* That cure shall be—forgiveness !—Byron.

Mrs. Wood sang on Thursday in the part of *Donna Clara*.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

*Friday.—Venice Preserved*; a Genius Wanted; *Teddy the Tiler*.

*Saturday.—Cinderella*; a Genius Wanted.

*Monday.—Henry the Eighth*; a Genius Wanted.

*Tuesday.—The Man of the World*; the Barber of Seville.

*Wednesday.—Henry the Eighth*; a Genius Wanted.

*Thursday.—Azor and Zemira*; Simpson and Co.; a Genius Wanted.

We cannot enter into a criticism on the revival of *Henry the Eighth*, with the cast mentioned last week ; which we are happy to say, however, drew together a crowded audience at first price. The performance went off very well, as did not the bishops in the Coronation scene, who were uproariously hissed, and scrambled out the best way they could. We have one or two novelties announced here for next week.

#### ADELPHI.

We think we may congratulate Messrs. Mathews and Yates upon their loss of M. Martin's wild beasts, for which it is understood they were in treaty, when the Drury Lane emissary stepped in with the offer of a higher *salaire*. They have now been thrown upon their own resources for substitutes, and very good substitutes they have in the persons of J. Reeve as a *lion*, "with songs," (the main stay of the piece,) Wilkinson as a *tiger*, "with words," Buckstone as the *ghost of the deceased kangaroo*, "with a tale," and Mrs. Fitzwilliam as the *tiger-cat*. This little burlesque of the *Lions of Mysore* is capitally got up, and created roars of laughter.

### Miscellanea.

**THE FIRST STEAM BOAT.**—The last number of the *North American Review* (for October, 1831) just arrived, contains several most interesting papers. Amongst other extractable matter, we find an anecdote with respect to the first trial of Fulton's steam-boat experiment, by Judge Story, as related to him by the inventor himself. Mr. Story says :—

"I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labours and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense ; the dry jest ; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures ; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect ; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made ; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work ; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmers of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so,—it is a foolish scheme,—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter ; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York ; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands ; we descried the clustering houses of Albany ; we reached its shores ; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the vic-

time of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

"Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance from the lips of the inventor."

**FIELDING'S PORTRAIT.**—In the first volume of the new edition of "Tom Jones," this day published, we find a portrait of Fielding, "from an original sketch by Hogarth." The circumstances under which it was executed are rather singular, and are thus related, we believe, for the first time:—

"It should be observed, in regard to the portrait forming the frontispiece to the foregoing memoir, that it has been engraved from a sketch taken by Hogarth, from memory, subsequent to the author's decease. It is known that Fielding, during his lifetime, had an invincible objection to permitting any likeness of himself to be taken by the eminent portrait painters of his time. Upon the publication of a new edition of his works after his decease, Hogarth was applied to, (as having been long intimate with him,) to supply a portrait of the author, but he is said to have regretted that he could not sufficiently recall the features of the celebrated novelist from mere recollection. Garrick, who happened to be present, on witnessing the evident disappointment of the applicant, instantly exclaimed: 'If you will reach me one of his wigs, I think I can give you a likeness of our friend Fielding;' and throwing his features into one of those inimitable expressions which forcibly recalled the idea of the original he had seen, he presented a singular resemblance of Fielding. Hogarth, now reminded of his friend, instantly drew the sketch from which the present engraving has been made, and is here given in place of the spurious and pretended likeness which has been suffered too long to disgrace the numerous editions of the author's works."

**Dr. Johnson's Style.**—“Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, ‘If you were to write a fable about the little fishes you would make them talk like whales.’ No man surely ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson. Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy-hunter, or an empty town fop, or a crazy virtuoso, or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. His speech like Sir Piercy Shafton’s Euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise. Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Imlac the poet, or Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. The gay Cornelia describes her reception at the country house of her relations, in such terms as

these: ‘I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated.’ The gentle Tranquilla informs us, that she had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph; but had danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy and the gratulations of applause,—had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love.”—Surely Sir John Falstaff himself did not wear his petticoats with a worse grace. The reader may well cry out, with honest Sir Hugh Evans, ‘I like not when a ‘oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.’”

Shortly after the introduction of coffee into Turkey, and the establishment of public coffee-shops in Constantinople, they were deemed so dangerous to the welfare of the government, that the grand mufti issued a decree, in which coffee was included among the strong liquors prohibited by the precepts of the koran; and in the middle of the seventeenth century, the then grand vizir, Kuproli, visited the coffee-shops and wine-houses in disguise, with a view of ascertaining which were of the worst tendency in a political point of view. In the first, he met with crowds of discontented persons, who, entertaining the notion that the affairs of government concerned each individual in particular, conversed with warmth upon these topics, and spoke with the greatest freedom upon the conduct of the generals and ministers. In the latter, he found none but simple folk, mostly soldiers, who, accustomed to regard the interests of the state as those of the prince, whom they honored in silence, sang gaily, or talked of their amours and military exploits. These resorts, therefore, which produced no such inconvenience as the other, appeared to him proper to be allowed, but he judged the others dangerous to an absolute government.

Raynal, from whom this anecdote is taken, adds the following acute remark:—“He (the vizir) was not sufficiently in the habit of reflecting to conceive that the one could be no more hurtful than the other. Even in a despotic state, the people who are oppressed must be allowed the liberty of grumbling, which consoles them. The discontent which thus evaporates is not what is to be feared. Revolts proceed from that which, confined, rages from internal fermentations, and produces effects

no less prompt than terrible. Unfortunate are sovereigns when their oppressions increase, and the murmurs of the people are not heard!”

**MEDICAL PRACTICE.**—Mr. Curtis, in his lecture delivered the other evening at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, remarked that nothing more strongly proved the advantages derived by the public from the division of medical labour, in exclusive attention to the various classes of diseases, than the fact, that out of ten thousand patients admitted into the above dispensary since its foundation in 1816 three-fourths of the number have been either cured or relieved, including several cases of deaf and dumb.

#### CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

WE should be afraid to say the number of thousands of letters we have received from correspondents in all parts of the world, commanding our laudable exertions, and the general plan and cheapness of our work, but fearing, at the same time, that it can never possibly be made to pay. We beg to return our sincere thanks to all these complimentary friends, and humbly to hint, that if they would but take half the trouble to talk about us to some third party, they would mighty spare our blushes, and irreversibly secure to us the reward they all agree we so richly deserve.

Our printer begs to apologize for having suffered one or two not unimportant errors to escape his notice in our hitherto published sheets; as he promises amendment for the future we suppose we must forgive him. At the same time we would mention, that in the article on “Mr. Croker and The Edinburgh Review,” in our last Number, third column, “glorying and lack-a-daisical expressions” should be read “glozing and,” &c.

**The FINE ARTS, including Wilkie's new Print,—MUSIC, and several minor literary Reviews, next week.**

**To NEWSMEN, &c.**—We have received several complaints from friends who have not been able to procure “The Literary Guardian,” though they have enquired for it of every newsman in their neighbourhood. We are sorry for this, and shall do all in our power to prevent disappointment for the future. Such persons as cannot induce one of these gentry to serve them regularly, are requested to inform us of it, and we will find means of supplying them. Those newsmen and booksellers, who will engage to have a regular supply of “The Literary Guardian” are invited to send in their names and addresses, that they may be printed in the list we are now preparing.

\*\* PART I. containing eighty quarto pages, will be ready on Magazine day, price tenpence.

## Advertisements.

Now ready, in 3 vols.

**THE AFFIANCED ONE.** By the Author of "Gertrude."

II.

**ITALY'S ROMANTIC ANNALS.** By Charles Macfarlane, Esq. Forming the New Series of The Romance of History. 3 vols.

III.

**THE FALSE STEP.** A Novel. 3 Vols.

EDWARD BULL, New Public Subscription Library, 26, Holles Street.

Terms of the Library.

The Year .....	£5 5
Half Year.....	3 3
Quarter.....	1 16

The Extra Supplies of Books at this extensive Library ensure every possible accommodation to Subscribers in Town and Country.—Catalogues, &c., on application.

Just Published, in Numbers, price 3d. each,

**A HISTORY of the FIRST REVOLUTION in FRANCE of 1789.** By J. Bell, Esq.

"Decidedly the very best history of this great event that has yet appeared from an English pen. Here is more about the real movers in the Revolution—the fiery demagogues, than in any other work—Marat, Mirabeau, Robespierre, &c."—Tatler.

Also, price 4s.

**ADVICE on the PURCHASE and CONSUMPTION of TEA, COFFEE, &c. &c.**

"Every housekeeper should possess this little book."—Sun.

Also, a cheap Edition, containing the whole verbatim as delivered at St. Bartholomew's,

**The LECTURES of JOHN ABERNETHY, Esq.**

"Every medical student should possess it."

F. C. WESTLEY, ten doors east of the King's College, Strand.

In a few days will be published, Second Edition, price 1s.

**THE GAME OF CRIBBAGE,** its Principles, Attractions, and Varieties; Rules for Playing, Counting, and Laying Out; with New and Easy Instructions for Beginners; a Table of Hands, in which the most Difficult Cards are Arranged and Counted; and Demonstrations: the whole designed to render the Game easy and familiar. By G. DEE.

"On questions in counting, we shall in future refer our readers to Dee's Game of Cribbage."—Bell's Life in London.

London: MAUNDER, Regent Street; WILSON, Royal Exchange; and LIMBIRD, Strand.

In foolscap 8vo. neatly bound in cloth, price 5s. On the 1st of November will be published Vol. I. of

**THE FAMILY TOPOGRAPHER:**

Being a Compendious Account of the Ancient and Present State of the COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

HOME CIRCUIT—Vol. I.—Comprising Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, Sussex.

Edited by SAMUEL TYMMS.

Plan of the Work.

I. SITUATION AND EXTENT.—The boundaries, dimensions, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the County. II. ANCIENT STATE AND REMAINS; including those of the Britons, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, and Danes; the Monastic Establishments; Church Architecture; Castles; Mansions; Crosses, &c. III. PRESENT STATE AND APPEARANCE.—The Courses of Canals and Rivers; Remarkable Eminences and Picturesque Scenery; Natural Curiosities, Public Buildings, Seats; Peers, Baronets, and Places returning Members to Parliament; a Population Table, and an Account of the Produce and Manufactures. IV. HISTORY, in a Chronological Table, with a view to its Localities. V. A List of EMINENT NATIVES. VI. MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

\*\* A Map of each County will be given.

London: J. B. NICHOLS and SON, 25, Parliament Street.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.

## KING'S THEATRE.

Prospectus of the Plan intended to be pursued in the direction of the ITALIAN OPERA. By Thomas Monck Mason, Esq. In 8vo. Price to Non-Subscribers, 1s.

II.

## POLISH MELODIES.

The Poetry and Music by J. Augustine Wade, Esq., Author of "Songs of the Flowers," "Dwelling of Fancy," &c. Handsomely printed in royal 4to., and beautifully embellished, price 10s. 6d. bds.

"Mr. Wade unites in his own person the talents of a poet and a musician in a manner to which we do not know any parallel. His song, 'The Polish Serenade,' is both tender and heroic; and his 'Who are the Free?' is one of the most thrilling war-songs we have ever heard. It is worthy to be a companion to Burns's 'Battle of Bannockburn.' The music is altogether admirable; simple in the extreme, yet full of energy. It is one of those things with which Graham could make an audience crazy with enthusiasm."—Spectator.

"A very long time indeed has elapsed since a collection of this description has fallen under our notice, which deserves to be so highly lauded.—Had not Mr. Wade already earned the deserved character of being one of the most popular vocal composers of the day, this production would at once demand that he should be proclaimed as such."—Sunday Times.

"The present publication, which is well-timed, and well expresses public feeling, is likely to be popular. In 'The Polish Serenade,' which is our favourite, there is a great deal of tenderness and sweetness."—Athenaeum.

"The songs are spiritedly written, and are arranged as duets, trios, and may be turned into chorus extempore; an excellent plan for the amusement of a drawing-room circle. A more elegant little volume of its kind we have not seen for a long time."—Atlas.

III.

In small 8vo. price 5s. 6d.

## CRAYONS from the COMMONS; OR, MEMBERS IN RELIEVO.

A Poem, Satirical and Descriptive. By Peregrine Paulette, Esq.

Qualis vir, talis oratio.—Seneca.

"We have before encountered the effusions of this writer, and done justice to his talents. He is a close observer and a clever man; his Crayons are Portraits of some of the most conspicuous Members of the House of Commons."—Lit. Gaz.

"A little volume, containing some amusing sketches of various Members of Parliament. It is dedicated, in a good-humoured address, to Richard Martin, Esq., of facetious memory."—Times.

"They who take an interest in the personal peculiarities and natural manner of our legislators, in the Lower House, may find them very exactly described in the verse of Peregrine Paulette, Esq. The sketches of Lords Althorp and Palmerston, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Poulett Thomson, and Sir James Scarlett, are striking likenesses. Sir Charles Wetherell and the 'Agitator,' are also well drawn."—Spectator.

IV.

## POLAND.

A Poem. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. With Lines on the View from St. Leonard's. Second Edition, in small 8vo., handsomely done up in green and gold, price 1s. 6d.

"We hailed, as we should a flower in winter time, the re-appearance of this poem, in its elegant little dress of green and gold. Every thing about it recommends it to the purchaser. It is an effusion so honourable to the writer's feelings, so worthy of perusal, and is here put into a shape so cheap and so graceful, that it ought to be in the hands of every honourable man and graceful woman."—From The Tatler, a daily paper, edited by Leigh Hunt, Esq.

V.

**HISTORY of POLAND**, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By James Fletcher, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Patriot Polish Nobleman. Second Edition, greatly enlarged, in 1 vol. 8vo., price 16s., bound in canvas. Illustrated by Portraits of Kosciusko

and the President of the National Government (Prince Czartoryski); also, an accurate Map of Poland, including its ancient boundaries.

"The work is one of great interest, and the information it contains is so well timed, that its utility and importance must at once be recognized."—Sunday Times.

VI.

In 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

**The POLISH REVOLUTION** of 1830-31. With SKETCHES of the LEADING CHARACTERS; obtained from authentic sources. Forming a Supplement to FLETCHER'S HISTORY of POLAND.

"We may be robb'd of Freedom's right—  
We may be slain in Freedom's fight,  
But still, against the despot's might,  
We are the free!"

Wade's Polish Melodies.

VII.

**THE PRINCIPLES of ENGLISH COMPOSITION**; illustrated by Examples. With Critical Remarks. By David Booth, Author of the "Analytical Dictionary." In 1 vol. 12mo. price 7s. 6d. bound in cloth.

"We look upon this as the best work of its kind which has yet appeared in our language. It combines the precepts of grammar with examples, which not only elucidate them, but impress them on the memory; and to these are added a series of critical observations upon every department of composition, which are marked by a correct taste, a sound judgment, and an extensive acquaintance with the best models which our literature affords. The varying caprices of modern innovations upon the true idiomatic style of our dialect, the corruptions of the 'well of English undefiled,' are skilfully detected, and uniformly reprobated with becoming indignation; while the accurate course of attaining a pure and elegant diction, free from all pedantry, is pointed out in a manner that is intelligible to the most ordinary capacity. But the great merit of the work is, that it is not merely didactic: it has none of the frowns of the schoolmaster. Mr. Booth is at once the tutor and the companion; his work, besides being valuable for its rules, is rendered entertaining by its extracts from different writers, most, if not all, of which he has selected according to his own judgment, without depending upon that of authors who have preceded him in this indispensable branch of education.—In this respect his volume may either be substituted for or used as an introduction to Blair's admirable Lectures. We need scarcely add, that Mr. Booth is already known to the public as the author of the 'Analytical Dictionary.'"—Monthly Review for October, 1831.

VIII.

SECOND EDITION.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 24s. boards.

**THE CLUB-BOOK**; consisting of Original Tales by the following distinguished Authors:—Allan Cunningham, Esq.—John Galt, Esq., Author of "Annals of the Parish."—Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Translator of "Faustus."—The Ettrick Shepherd.—William Jerdan, Esq.—D. M. Moir, Esq., Author of "Maunsie Waugh."—A. Picken, Esq., Author of "The Dominie's Legacy."—Tyrone Power, Esq., Author of "The Lost Heir."—G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Richelieu."—Leitch Ritchie, Esq., Author of the "Romance of French History."

Contents: Bertrand de la Croix; or, the Siege of Rhodes. By the Author of "Richelieu."—Haddad-Ben-Ahab; or, the Traveller. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish."—The Gipsy. By the Author of "The Lost Heir."—Eisenbach; or, the Adventures of a Stranger: a Metropolitan Story. By the Author of "The Dominie's Legacy."—The Fatal Whisper. By John Galt.—The Sleepless Woman. By William Jerdan.—Dramatic Scenes. By Lord Francis Leveson Gower.—Gowden Gibble. By Allan Cunningham.—The Deer-Stalkers: a Highland Legend. By A. Picken.—The Painter. By John Galt.—The Laidlaws and the Scotts. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—The Bridal of Borthwick. By the Author of "Maunsie Waugh."—The Unguarded Hour. By John Galt.—The Chearlie Packman. By Leitch Ritchie.—The Bogle o' the Brae; a Queer Courting Story. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—The Book of Life. By John Galt.—The Three Kearneys; a Tale of the Dominie. By A. Picken.

JAMES COCHRANE and CO. 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

**ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY**

Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.  
Publishing in Monthly Volumes, price only FIVE SHILLINGS, uniform with the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

This day is published,

**FIELDING'S TOM JONES, Vol. I.**  
(To be completed in Two VOLUMES,) with a Life of the Author, by Mr. Roscoe, a fine Portrait, after Hogarth, and four Characteristic Engravings by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, forming the FIFTH VOLUME of this admired Series of CLASSICAL NOVELS.

**List of the Embellishments.**

(Engraved on Steel.)

Vol. I. ("Humphrey Clinker.")

1. Portrait of Smollett.
2. Humphrey's Introduction to the Bramble Family.
3. Humphrey's Disaster.
4. Humphrey's Zeal for his Master.
5. Lismatrago's Retaliation.

Vol. II. ("Roderick Random.")

1. Combat between Roderick and Weazel.
2. Strap's Fright at the Raven.
3. Strap's Misfortune in the Dining-cellars.
4. Roderick threatening Gawk.
5. Roderick and the Bumpkin.

Vol. III. ("Peregrine Pickle," Vol. 1.)

1. The Three Black Hairs.
2. The Commodore's Wedding.
3. Apparition of Davy Jones.
4. Pallet's Fright at the Jailor.

Vol. IV. ("Peregrine Pickle," Vol. 2.)

1. The Tailors Baffling the Bailiff.
2. Cadwallader as the Magician.
3. Hatchway's Eagerness to meet Peregrine.
4. Hatchway's Experiment to rouse Peregrine.

Vol. V. ("Tom Jones," Vol. 1.)

1. Portrait of Fielding, after Hogarth.
2. 'Squire Weston's Rage with Tom Jones.
3. The Battle Royal in the Church-yard.
4. The Affrighted Sentinel.
5. Square discovered in Molly Seagrim's Apartment.

The following ENCOMIUMS on this popular work are selected from upwards of FIVE HUNDRED notices of the various volumes from the press of the UNITED KINGDOM:—

"If these works do not succeed, and eminently, it is of no use catering honestly for the public. They are among the very best and cheapest ever issued from the press."—Athenaeum.

"This is a publication of conspicuous elegance, and presents to us our dear old acquaintances in a most tasty dress."—Examiner.

"We rejoice in the resuscitation of our best novels, which more modern performances have thrown somewhat into shade, and at a rate which will make them accessible to readers of every class."—Literary Gazette.

"The first two volumes of this work, containing Smollett's 'Humphrey Clinker' and 'Roderick Random,' edited by Mr. Roscoe, have just made their appearance, and very tempting specimens of the work they are. They are beautifully got up, and the genius of George Cruikshank has been employed to illustrate some of the most prominent scenes. Those who are acquainted with the talent of this artist (and who is not?) will recognise at once the affinity between his broad humour and that of the celebrated author. One sketch of George Cruikshank's pencil is worth all the criticisms and commentaries that ever were written in praise of the novels of Tobias Smollett."—Morning Herald.

"What increases the value of these plates is, the circumstance of their being etched as well as designed by George Cruikshank himself; so that every touch is his own, and assists the design, none of the spirit of which is lost in the engraving."—Spectator.

"Cruikshank, as a designer, is admirably suited to Smollett. Smollett does not abound in the gentilities, neither does his artist; but the latter has the keenest relish of humour, and carries his jokes to the same pitch of caricature, without violating the spirit of truth. He pampers the jest because he loves it. How excellent in these volumes is the desolate, predestined methodism in Clinker's face, where he is drying the post-chaise; the helpless,

scrambling wretchedness, the mean horror of Matthew Bramble's drowning face and figure; the fright of Strap and his bed-fellow at the Raven; the mortal, death's-head agony of Trunnion run away with by the horse, with the carman looking up from the pass over which he is flying; and Trunnion's mixed fear and valour in his rencontre with the apparition of Davy Jones! We have been laughing over Smollett, and over these pictures with precisely the same feelings of the truth and humour of the painting."—The Tatler, edited by Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"If this volume were less beautifully got up, and contained less attractive matter than Smollett's celebrated novel of Roderick Random, the inimitable humour of George Cruikshank, which he has so bountifully displayed in the illustrations, would stamp a sterling value upon it. The friendly rivalry, if we may so term it, that has contributed to render this work attractive, must ensure a favourable reception from the public; for it must be acknowledged that the style in which the volumes before us are printed, and the taste exhibited in the binding, are appropriate "mountings" for even the efforts of Cruikshank's genius.—Bristol Journal.

"Roscoe's Novelists' Library is the most neatly printed—the most characteristically illustrated, and the most elegantly bound edition of Dr. Smollett's celebrated Novels that has ever been submitted to the public."—Bristol Gazette.

"The fourth volume of this 'standard work,' for to such appellation it is entitled, is the second of Peregrine Pickle. In the delineations the modern Hogarth (Cruikshank) displays his customary humour and knowledge of life."—County Herald.

"No idea could be more happy than that of introducing this popular novel under the auspices of the humorous pencil of Cruikshank; and we predict a rapid sale for the work as one of the cheapest ever offered to the public. The merits of Smollett and Cruikshank are so firmly established, that it is unnecessary to add one word in commendation. Roscoe's Library, intended to include the best productions of our sterling old novelists, and at less than half the usual price, must command general attention."—Cambrian.

"It may be truly said, that no former editions of the celebrated works to be included in the series of this publication, have ever extended their circulation in this the land of their birth with half the effect which this admirable edition is sure to accomplish. The work came out under the high recommendations of cheapness combined with elegance; and most fully does it sustain these qualifications. Nothing in the getting up of the 'Libraries' of the day can excel it in point of elegance."—Carlisle Patriot.

"Roscoe's Novelists' Library.—Vol. 2 of this elegant work, containing the whole of Roderick Random, has just made its appearance. The graphic illustrations, by Cruikshank, are in the happiest spirit of that clever artist. This is a cheap as well as beautiful publication, and would adorn any library. It is to consist of all our best and most classical novels."—Brighton Herald, Aug. 13.

"Roscoe's Novelists' Library will form, when complete, one of the most valuable and cheapest publications of the kind of which our language can boast."—Bath Chronicle, Aug. 11.

"The present is the cheapest and best edition that has appeared; and it will be no proof of the taste of the age if it is not liberally patronized."—Durham Advertiser, Aug. 26.

"A publication has been commenced under the title of 'Roscoe's Novelists' Library,' in which George Cruikshank has been employed to illustrate the prominent scenes. The whole of 'Roderick Random' is beautifully got up in one volume; and Roderick, Weazole, and the whole dramatic personae of this novel, just fit for Cruikshank's comic pencil, flourish in full humour accordingly. One sketch is worth all the criticisms and commentaries that ever were written in praise of the novels of Smollett."—Devizes Gazette.

"Roscoes' Novelists' Library, Vol. II.—We have here, in a single volume, and at a price which renders it of easy access, the whole of 'Roderick Random,' with five clever illustrations by George Cruikshank. Who would be without it?"—Brighton Gazette.

"No idea could be more happy than that of introducing these popular novels under the auspices

of the humorous pencil of Cruikshank; and we predict a rapid sale for the work, as one of the cheapest ever offered to the public. The merits of Smollett and Cruikshank are so firmly established, that it is unnecessary to add one word in commendation. Roscoe's Library, intended to include the best productions of our sterling old novelists, and at less than half the usual price, must command general attention."—Cornwall Gazette.

"This edition is embellished with many droll designs by George Cruikshank; the latter are truly some of his happiest efforts, not in the caricature style, but full of comic effect, and imbued with the very spirit of the original."—Berkshire Chronicle.

"What will our readers think of getting Roderick Random—complete in one volume, consisting of four hundred and ninety-six pages, yet of a convenient portable size—embellished by Cruikshank with five of his best illustrations—the paper and binding excellent, and the typography so bold that all who can, and have any eyes at all, may read,—what, we say, will our readers think of having all this offered to them for five shillings?... It is most gratifying to find at how cheap a rate knowledge may be diffused; this alone augurs incalculable blessings for the present, and even a still greater abundance for the coming generation. The arrangement is convenient, by which any particular work can be had complete in itself, and quite distinct from the series."—Bucks Gazette, Aug. 6.

"It is with renewed pleasure that we announce the publication of 'Roscoe's Novelist's Library'; for the clearness of the type, the exquisite humour of the engravings, (by Cruikshank,) and the elegance and splendour of the binding, we almost say it defies competition, and would grace the shelves of any library. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the publishers for the very spirited manner in which this cheap and valuable series of novels, by our best standard writers, is brought before the public."—Devonshire Chronicle.

"Roderick Random could hardly have been called complete before it was illustrated by Cruikshank. No artist could have entered so well into the humour of Smollett as he has done. The book is cheap without the embellishments; and with the embellishments, we may say that there never has been so complete and desirable an edition of the British novelists."—Bury and Norwich Post.

"The second volume of this well-selected series of standard novels comprises the whole of Roderick Random. Five of the most ludicrous and diverting incidents in this admirable piece of fiction are represented by Cruikshank, in that spirit of genuine comicality for which he is so remarkably distinguished. The genius of Cruikshank and that of Smollett seem to be nearly assimilated, making allowance for the different lines in which their respective and peculiar capabilities have been developed. They are both celebrated for the general truth and fidelity of their delineations, and yet the works of both are characterised by the predominance of a certain species of caricature, but which, nevertheless, is in fine keeping with nature. The price of the volume before us is exceedingly low, when its dimensions, the beauty of its typography, and the graphic force and expressiveness of the accompanying embellishments, are considered."—Durham Chronicle, Aug. 13.

"Roderick Random, compressed into one volume of five hundred pages, with five of Cruikshank's characteristic illustrations, for a crown! Why, 'tis only a shilling a-piece for each gem from the graver of our modern Hogarth, and the twenty-five score pages of letter-press thrown in for nothing! We must remark that here, as in the Humphrey Clinker, which we noticed a month ago, the likeness of the hero is preserved all through. This could never be if different persons were employed to illustrate; hence the advantage of having them all Cruikshanked. We need say nothing more to recommend the work; it is the cheapest of all the publications of its class; its binding, like the cohorts of Assyria, mentioned in one of Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, is 'gleaming in purple and gold.'—Derbyshire Courier.

London: Printed for JAMES COCHRANE and Co., Waterloo Place. Published by F. C. WESTLEY, 165, Strand. Sold by Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Purkess, 61, Wardour Street; and all Booksellers in Town and Country.

G. Davidson, Printer, Serle's Place, Carey Street.